

1857

My dear Mr Chapman,

We are vain enough to believe that your party will want to know how I found my Father, & will be pleased to learn that he is much improved. ^{He is} growing a little more capable of resuming his ordinary habits, tho' still too weak to stand any lengthened conversation or occupation. He & Phoebe rejoiced most warmly over the cheering tidings respecting you all which I was able to communicate ^{- a fact}, which you will scarcely need my assuring you of, however, since you are aware how fully they had participated in your previous anxiety. My Father is beginning to look hopefully to the time when he can speak his sympathy under his own roof; & he comforts himself with the conviction of that faculty not failing, however inadequate his strength may prove to the many other modes of manifesting his regard which inclination would dictate. We trust that no fresh barrier will intervene to check the realization of these long cherished anticipations, short as the reality of our

abode, domestic life, social circle, & general
resources for pleasure, may fall, of the dreamy
ideal indulged in by some of your party.
Our late visit to London has filled us with
happy recollections, & of all the seasons of inter-
course with you which it has been my privilege
to enjoy none are so precious as those just
ended. The consolation of seeing friends so
dear reviving under the influence of renewed
hope, like flowers unfolding in sunshine
after a storm, was inexpressible, & I felt as if
you could very inadequately penetrate ^{this} my
slowness in manifesting the sympathy with
which I was filled. And then, you cannot estimate
the helping cheering influence of your approbation
of the modes in which my companions & myself
have sought to be humble co-operators with you,
what fresh confidence you have inspired us
with, what valuable materials you have
furnished for future action! We mourned over
our defective memories which prevented
our storing up & arranging all the facts & ex-
periences ^{with} which you so liberally supplied us,
but I hope we have retained enough to
prove hereafter that your labor in enlightening
us was not wasted. Miss Tribe I find ^{my father is busy} is busy
turning her new talents to account, ~~and~~
has no intention of being idle, indeed she

done a little business between us, since taking
counsel over all that has been ~~advancing~~
occurring in London. My Father has been
writing to Mr Ed. Matthews to tell him of
Mr Grants request, & suggesting his trying
to make the proposed letter the first of a
series for the M. Advertiser, & giving some
hints relative to them. We have also been
conferring with the Editor of the resuscitated
"Bristol Examiner" who amiably continues
to insert week after week our Appeal for the
Boston Bazaar, & is willing to help on in
any other way in his columns. We are thinking
of making an epitome of Mr Grants series
of attacks on Scoble for him. What a triumph
it will be to get Scoble off to Canada with
Henson! I am sure you are gratified with the
last article in the Advertiser. (Aug. 5) That
Mr Robt Edmonds is here again, & we wish
we knew some way of disposing of him
advantageously to himself & the cause, he
has many capabilities of serving it, but way
does not yet open. Phoebe went home
on Wednesday, directly she had rendered
up her charge to me, leaving behind her
a profusion of love to be transmitted to

each fall of you by every opportunity, &
also a special assurance to Miss Weston
that her message was amply acknowl-
edged of the note. My Aunt will perhaps
have written for herself before this. We
parted at the Bristol Station & I have
had but a bare announcement of her
reaching Bridgewater. She meant I know
to write to Miss Weston, & she will be more
successful than I ever am in describing
what we both feel in connection with our
late communion with you. It would be
the greatest satisfaction to me to have ten
words, & power to give you an idea of the
rich enjoyment & experience from the atmo-
sphere into which you always lift me, ^{but} which is vas-
tly heightened when you generously admit me
into the sanctuary of your own thoughts & ex-
perience. Your habit of living in that region of
perfect peace which most of us are aspiring
to attain ^{are} but only eury afar off, brings it near
to us, & gives a faint image of what the spiritual
presence will be apart from the earthen vessel
in which we hold it. This you see is the effect
of what you term your "heresies" on me. And
yet in my own case the faith which supports it
is as indissolubly linked to the historical Christ
in connexion with what I first received it, & is
personal relations to the Divine Being to which
it has introduced me, & is as dependent upon

outward aids & specific acts of worship, as
the creed of many who think its independent
existence impossible; perhaps I might have
remained in the same error if you & a few
likeminded had not helped me to a
wider view. It is a comfort to know that
you can tolerate the technicalities &
rigid calings with which you have dis-
pensed wherever they keep alive instead
of quenching the spirit. How I sh^d like
to go on, but have been interrupted all
the afternoon & am now close upon
post time.

With fond love to all,

Your ever affectionate

Mary Estlin.

Don't trouble about writing until you
are in a condition to tell us the probable
day of your leaving Embley Park for Bristol.
At least not if you are otherwise occupied
which you are sure to be.

Park St. Aug. 8 - 1857.

J. P. M.

